



WHERE THE WILD TURKEY CALLS—THE REAL THANKSGIVING BIRD

Hendersonville; Henderson County and its Many Assets

(By Noah M. Hollowell in Sylvan Valley News.)

Hendersonville, county seat of Henderson county, Transylvania's neighbor to the northeast, is a beautiful town about 4,000 inhabitants midway between Brevard and Asheville at the junction of the Transylvania division with the main line of the Southern railway from Columbia, S. C., to Asheville.

Until about four years ago Hendersonville was pre-eminently a tourist town. It was too much so and after seeing opportunity pass them up its citizens finally woke up to the importance of something to stiffen the financial backbone of the community and tide it over the long period between the tourist seasons. It secured a limited number of industries and three good schools; the county built roads and the town prepared itself for the comfortable entertainment of winter guests and now Hendersonville is in much more comfortable circumstances than heretofore and new homes in nearly every part of the town give signs of rapid growth.

Agricultural Possibilities.

The county is capable of great agricultural development and a little new blood drifts into its borders occasionally and as a result some splendid examples are being set the people in an agricultural way. Henderson does not make a specialty of live stock but natural conditions encourage it. The county goes strong on apples and potatoes and has been blessed with one fruit grower, Capt. M. C. Toms, who makes a specialty of growing apples on modern and scientific principles. Cabbage and Irish potatoes might be termed the county's long suit. It glories in these crops and grows many car loads each year.

Educational Progress.

Henderson county is making great progress in its public schools under the guiding star of its efficient superintendent, Prof. W. S. Shible. The county has several high schools many special tax districts and is experimenting in the more modern method of consolidating three of its districts into a central school with improved equipment and facilities for educating the children.

Private schools have sprung up in Hendersonville with mushroom growth in the past three years. The new schools are the Blue Ridge School for Boys; Passifern a school for girls which moved from Lincolnton, and the Hendersonville school which is accommodated; the Fleet School for Boys and a smaller school known as the Pine Grove School, for small boys. Plans are under way for making this a boarding school in order to accommodate those already making application. The Hendersonville school is the oldest of the boarding schools in Henderson county. It is about seven miles from Hendersonville and for a number of years has been a place where many young men and women in this part of the State. This new Baptist institution is improving its equipment in the way of additional buildings so as to keep pace with the march in general educational progress. These schools go along

way in helping tide Hendersonville over the dull winter periods.

Industrial Growth.

The industrial outlook for Hendersonville is the brightest it has ever been. Within the past five years two hosiery mills have been built in the city. The largest in the county is the Flat Rock Hosiery Mills at East Flat Rock, about three miles from Hendersonville. When the newspaper men were in Hendersonville they visited this plant and were presented with a piece of its product. This mill manufactures daily 1,000 dozen pairs of cotton and silk hose for men and children; employs 225 operators and has a weekly payroll ranging around \$1,000.

Another important industry is the cotton mill of the Green River Manufacturing company at Tuxedo. There are large brick mills at Brickton and Fletcher and a lime kiln near Fletcher that produces a large amount of lime. The expenditure of several thousand dollars for water power sites on Green River by capitalists in North and South Carolina make the industrial outlook for Hendersonville bright. Its citizens are expecting a wonderful development within a few years by reason of more attractive rates for electrical power. An interurban street car line from Greenville and Spartanburg through Hendersonville to Asheville is one of the big things for which hopes are entertained.

Great Tourist Center.

Excepting Asheville no town in Western Carolina entertains as many summer visitors as Hendersonville. It is ideally situated on the main line of the Southern from South Carolina to Asheville. It is at the junction of the Greenville and Spartanburg highways leading into Western Carolina and the county has an excellent system of the finest sand-clay roads leading into nearly every nook and corner of the county. To say nothing of what these roads mean to the residents of the county, who can jog along to town in a trot on any day of the year, on a hard-surfaced road, its highways mean untold thousands of dollars to the county as a result of the large number of tourists who visit the place in their machines and remain through the summer and enjoy their daily outings to all parts of the county. One of the attractive tourist centers of the county was Bat Cave, which was near Chimney Rock, across the county line into Rutherford, but these places were practically destroyed by the flood. But the residents of these resorts, known far and wide for their excellent climate in the thermal belt and or scenic grandeur in the Rocky Broad river, are not quitters therefore will set about the rehabilitation of these places through which the state will assist in replacing the fine road it had just completed, it being a link in the Charlotte-Asheville highway.

In magnificent scenery the county has its best in the Bat Cave and Chimney Rock section, but when it comes to water falls, lofty mountains and real gorgeous scenery Hendersonvilians will have to visit the neighboring county of Transylvania.

Hendersonville is well prepared to take care of a large number of tourists. Like other tourist towns, nearly all the homes are thrown open to boarders in the summer. About a year ago the town lost its largest hotel by fire but there are others more popular. Within the last year or two they have been equipped with heating plants so as to provide comforts for winter guests. The Kentucky Home hotel is having a plant installed. The Carolina Terrace, long known as the Wheel, has a modern heating plant and will remain open this winter for the first time. The Cedars is a new place with heating equipment and Park Hill has been enlarged and is prepared to comfortably take care of several guests. It was at the Park Hill that Editor Gordon F. Garlington of the French Broad Hustler entertained the newspaper men on their recent visit. This hotel is ideally located, commands a good view of the surrounding country, has its own golf, croquet and tennis grounds, garden, dairy, etc., and Mrs. M. A. Brown, the proprietress, has the reputation of caring for her guests and making Park Hill one of the most desirable places for visitors in Hendersonville.

Cares for the Sick.

Hendersonville has a new hospital and two sanatoriums for the treatment of tubercular patients and a new sanatorium has been opened for the treatment of nervous troubles.

A Co-operative People.

Hendersonville has many of the elements that contribute to a rapidly growing community. It needs a larger payroll and the citizens are working unitedly to this end. It has a progressive and hospitable citizenship which has the splendid gift of getting together when the occasion demands. An editor a few years ago being either impressed or nauseated with what in street parlance is termed "hot air" facetiously remarked that if Hendersonville has a suction power equal to its blowing power and had a line to the Atlantic ocean it would be the logical place for a great naval station—but this was only a veiled and deserved compliment for ability to boast to advantage these things in which Hendersonville justly has cause for great pride.

As usual Mrs. Merton enlivened the dinner table conversation with an account of the new servant.

"I don't know much about her yet," she said, "but she is good-natured and harmless, at any rate."

"How did you find that out?" asked Mr. Merton.

"By her singing. She is always singing at her work."

Mr. Merton slapped viciously at the back of his neck.

"That's no sign," he said. "A mosquito does that."—N. Y. Times.

A Difference.—Howitt—"Don't you think I stand a good chance of making a fortune out of that mine?"

Jewett—"Out of it, yes. In it, no."—Town Topics.

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MISS BELT DIES AT HOME OF NIECE IN HICKORY.

Miss Rebecca Belt, who spends the summers in Hendersonville with her piece, Miss Mary Merrimon, passed away at the home of her niece, Miss Mary Roseboro, in Hickory Friday morning. Concerning her death the Hickory Record says:

"Miss Rebecca Belt, who had made her home with her niece, Miss Mary Roseboro, since the first of October, died this morning at 2.30 at the age of 85 years. The funeral will be held from Miss Roseboro's residence, 1528 Thirteenth avenue, tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock and will be conducted by Rev. W. R. Bradshaw. Miss Belt was a member of the Baptist church and was a faithful, conscientious Christian.

"A native of Iredell county, Miss Belt resided in the country until the close of the war when her mother moved to Statesville. After her mother's death, Miss Belt made her home with her niece, Miss Mary Merrimon of Hendersonville and Miss Mary Roseboro of Hickory, spending the summer with one and the winter with the other. She had been here a little more than a month when the end came.

"Among those who will be here for the funeral will be other nieces of Miss Belt—Mrs. M. D. Bailey of Winston-Salem, Miss Merrimon of Hendersonville and Mrs. W. A. Abernethy of Newton."

THE HALF ORPHAN.

1. There are a great many of him. Persons who think this class not a large one should read my mail for a few days. Sometimes as many as a dozen present themselves in a day seeking place in the Orphanage.

2. It is not denied that many of them are worthy subjects for denominational care. Probably some of them should not be received. Some mothers are broken in health as well as in fortune. In most cases however, the gentleness of the destitution and needs is apparent. At any rate our rule is not to debate this point but to assume that the need is real.

3. The Orphanage trustees several years ago passed a rule, which has never been rescinded, that the full orphan should always take precedence over the half-orphan. The justice of his rule appears to be unchallenged by the brethren. When the superintendent is compelled to enforce the rule it will be well to remember that he is a man under authority and is expected to obey orders. We rarely catch up with demands from the full orphan class.

4. If we are going to take care of all the half orphans we might as well wake up to the fact that we must go into the wholesale business and change our retail plans. We perhaps turn away ten children where we receive one.

Often the brother who intercedes for admission of a group of children cannot understand why they are denied admission. It is simply because there are not enough vacancies to go around.

5. A question: Should a family be broken because of poverty alone? It is easy to get rid of a community burden by shipping the children to the Orphanage and setting the mother free. But the burden is simply transferred

to the Orphanage. It is not dissolved. It appears to me more and more to be a sound proposition that a mother should rear the children of her own. If she is financially unable to care for them let the church or the community help her rather than the Orphanage. Financially it comes to the same thing. Morally and sentimentally and actually it does not come to the same thing. The odds are all in favor of keeping the little family intact. It is next to a crime to break up a family because it is poor. Let no man thoughtlessly put asunder mother and child whom God hath joined together!"—A. T. Jamison, in Baptist Courier.

AS I GO PASSING UP THE STREET.

As I'm hurrying up the street
With the gathering of the night,
I can't help the lonesomeness
At the home-fires burning bright;
All along the street they shine,
Cozy, warm and friendly lights,
God, I wish for me there—shone
Some home-fire this winter night.

Lonely I go up the street,
All the friendly lights pass by;
Lonesome cold the wind that blows,
Lonesome, too, the grey night sky;
Passing swiftly I can hear
Soft a mother's lullaby
And a baby's sleeping croon—
Stranger though, I pass on by.

Through the gloom I hurry on.

What have I to hurry to
Work I've left is all I have,
Still I hurry, others do—
Other men have those who wait,
Happy lips to hurry to;
All I have is just myself
And the dusk I hurry through.

Passing swiftly up the street
I can see the bright fires' glow;
I can't help the lonesomeness
As the night settles low;
Fires that shine, for other men
Make the night colder grow;
God, I wish for me might wait
Some home heart, some fire's warm glow.

—DAISY M. HENDLEY,
Statesville, N. C.

THE MOVIES HAVE MADE MELODRAMA POPULAR

Perhaps one reason why there are so many melodramatic plays is the popular appeal of the moving picture. In an article on melodrama in the December American Magazine a writer says:

"Nor are we personally at all certain that the movies have not had something to do with this present demand for melodramatic rubbish. So far as we can observe, especially in the smaller cities, there is no hard and fast line between theatergoers and movie patrons. Folks go to the movies when there is no 'show' in town, and when the 'show' comes along, they take that in. Dose them long enough with twaddle, sentimental falsity, cheap melodrama in the movies, and that's what they will begin to look for in the spoken drama. You cannot feed half the population of a nation on such stuff as movies are made of year after year, and expect it will have no effect on its tastes and character."

A WOMAN IN THE "HOUSE."

Never before have women figured so conspicuously or so potently in an election, not only in turning the tide of votes in ten of the Western States where they have full suffrage, but most of all in at last sending a woman to Congress, Miss Jeannette Rankin, this feminine pioneer in the House, has a thousand qualifications for filling her unique position, which probably will not be unique for long. Demonstrated by her, the power of women to act in our Federal Legislature will perhaps be conceded more widely another election time; at any rate the walls are crumbling, Miss Rankin's work in Congress will go farther to win the ballot for her enfranchised sisters than all the Suffrage Amendment agitation; it may have something of the effect that the quiet labor of Englishwomen since the war began has had upon Parliament.

Miss Rankin could have announced no better platform than activity for social welfare legislation. Care of the young, the poor, the infirm, the insane, the erring and ignorant is woman's part. Too long our reform schools and orphan asylums have been directed by boards of well-intentioned, uninteresting blundering, usually wealthy men, who, perfectly incompetent in such a field have delegated responsibility to grasping and unsympathetic caretakers. Our public institutions would less often be criminal factories if motherly women could be shown by other women the need of their services there. The molding or mending of character is no work for a clumsy hand, but in general only such can be found to do it. Given so wide a sphere of influence Miss Rankin can accomplish much. Especially can she make public the needs and rights of some classes for whom men have neglected to speak, for now the babies and children have a powerful friend at court whose experience has bestowed knowledge of the legislation their case demands. She can bake a pie of a speech equally well. It is said that surely her ardor for social progress is her most shining quality.—Wilmington (Del.) Star.

Reform Needed.—Frances—"You say you are going to marry a man to reform him. That is fine. May I ask who he is?"
Flo—"It's young Bond."
Frances—"Why, I didn't know you had any bad habits."
Flora—"Well, his friends are saying that he has become quite miserly."
Puck.

Keeping up with Father.—It was a Pike County woman who indited a note to the teacher concerning the punishment of her young hopeful. The note ran thus:
"Dear Miss —: You rite me about whippin' Sammy. I hereby give you permission to beat him up any time it is necessary to learn his lesson. He is just like his father—you have to learn him with a club. Pound nolegg into him. I want him to get it and don't pay no attention what his father says—I'll handle him."—Reading Eagle.

No Sugar Needed.—Mrs. Newlywed—"John, dear, is it you or I who takes cream in our coffee?"—Life.